RULES

HOW TO LIVE

One DAY to GOD.

Set forth for the Use of all Families.

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When You firſt awake.

WHEN 'waking in the morning ſay,
O Lord preſerve my ſoul to-day;
From every evil ſet me free,
And give me power to live to thee;
Accept my praiſes with my prayer,
For thy protecting love and care,
Who plac'd thine angels round my bed,
To ſkreen from harm my naked head.

When ariſing from Your Bed.

O Lord as from my bed I riſe,
So may my body mount the ſkies,
With joyful ſpeed at that great morn,
When it ſhall from its duſt return.

Putting on Your Cloaths.

AS now I put my raiment on,
O grant thee co-eternal ſon,
That in thy righteouſneſs array'd,
I may at laſt lift up my head.

Leaving the Room.

SWEET Jeſus thou my guardian be,
And give me power to live to thee;
My ſoul and body both protect,
And all my works and ways direct.

Waſhing Yourſelf.

WATER indeed may clean my ſkin,
'Tis only thee can waſh out ſin,
That I with thee may then have part,
Lord waſh my hands, my head, and heart.

At Breakfaſt.

O Lord, whene'er I taſte thy food,
May I be mindful of that blood,
Thro' which the bread of life is giv'n,
To ſaints on earth, and all in heav'n.

After Breakfaſt.

GLORY, bleſſing, thanks and honour,
Be unto the bounteous Donor;
Whoſe all liberal hand ſupplies,
All that fill earth, ſeas, and ſkies.

Going to School or Labour.

O Lord, direct my heart and hand,
To think and act by thy command,
And let it be my great concern,
Thy holy law to love and learn;

Seeking for periſhable food,
Let me not ſin againſt my God;
Let not vain things have all my heart,
Not worthy of the ſmalleſt part.

At Labour.

IN honeſt labours while employed,
In part I do the will of God,
O let thy bleſſing now come down,
My honeſt induſtry to crown.

Returning from Labour at Noon.

THE fiery chariot of the ſun,
Now half its radiant courſe hath run,
May I thus haſte towards my goal,
Till days and hours ſhall ceaſe to roll.

Before Dinner.

O Lord, thou haſt a table ſpread,
Vouchſafe to ſanctify our bread;
And let the noble gift be giv'n,
The bread that cometh down from heaven,

At Dinner.

O Lord, the riches of thy grace,
Demand thy moſt exalted praiſe;
Thy ever bleſſing cries aloud,
Give glory to the donor, God.

After Dinner.

O Lord, thou haſt my body fed,
Vouchſafe to give me living bread;
And grant that I ſuſtain'd thereby,
May live with thee eternally.

Returning to Labour.

RETURNING to my labours, Lord,
Thy further help to me afford;
Support me still this afternoon,
And keep me till my work is done.

At Labour.

SEND down thy blessing, Lord I pray,
On what remains to do this day;
And grant my great design may be,
Whate'er I do, to do't to thee.

Retiring from Work.

AS now I lay my business by,
Grant dearest Lord that when I die
My task of life, as this day's toil,
May be accepted with thy smile.

Having got Home.

RETURNING to my earthly home,
My friends with joy I see;
Sweet Jesus when I'm called hence,
May I thus meet with thee;
And in thy blest eternal home,
A refuge find from every storm.

In the Evening.

THE globe of golden light gone down,
How quick the ev'ning shades come on
The earth a dreary waste appears,
And all the gloomy aspect wears,
Thus thy blest influence if withheld,
My soul with gloom and darkness filled
I grope for happiness in vain,
Till thou my light return again.

Before Supper.

FORBID it Lord, that I ſhould ſup,
And then, like Judas, give thee up;
And ſinner my dear Maſter ſell,
Dooming thereby my ſoul to hell;
Rather like John let me recline,
My head on that dear breaſt of thine;
At once receiving from my God,
A bleſſing to my ſoul and food.

At Supper.

O Lord, come now, and ſup with me,
And grant that I may ſup with thee;
Come fill my heart with thy rich grace,
And looſe my tongue to ſing thy praiſe.

After Supper.

O Lord I thank thee for this food,
I bleſs thy name for every good;
Thou kindly doſt my wants ſupply,
And always hear thy children cry.

Entering Your Bed Chamber.

NOW Lord I leave the buſy croud,
And would retire to thee my God;
O deareſt Saviour hear me pray,
Forgive the evils of this Day:
Blot out my every wilful ſin,
And what in thy pure eyes have been
Imperfect, or might be abhorred,
By thee, O holy! holy Lord.

Undreſſing.

E'ER long I muſt unloath'd appear,
Before the Lord's impartial bar;

And diſembodied there await.
The ſentence of my final ſtate:
But oh! dear Saviour, let me not,
By thee found naked or forgot,
By thee, my Lord; but let my dreſs,
Be thine all-perfect righteouſneſs.

Lying down in Bed.

SWEET Jeſus on that downy breaſt,
My head reclin'd, oh! may it reſt;
My pillow thy dear boſom be,
My kind protector, Saviour, thee,
If fancy rove in airy flight,
Conduct it to the realms of light;
And in the midnight gloom diſplay,
The glories of eternal day.

Waking in the Night.

O Lord thy guardian care I bleſs,
Thy ſervant thou haſt kept in peace;
Still keep me in this midnight hour,
From the ſeducer's boaſted pow'r;
No ſleep nor darkneſs know thine eyes,
No ſubtle foes can thee ſurpriſe;
Therefore in quiet ſhall they ſleep,
Whom Iſrael's God vouchſafes to keep.

A H Y M N.

WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker, face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!
If yet while pardon may be found,

And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought.
When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd,
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
O how ſhall I appear!
But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endleſs woe prevent.
Then ſee the ſorrow of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give theſe ſorrows weight.
For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd,
To make her pardon ſure.

FINIS.